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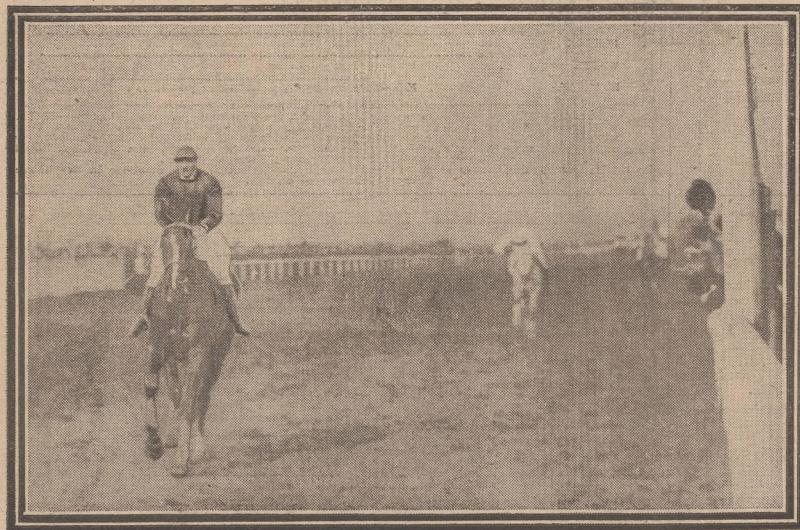
SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1914

One Halfpenny.

SUNLOCH WINS THE GRAND NATIONAL: RUNAWAY VICTORY FOR A 100 TO 6 CHANCE.

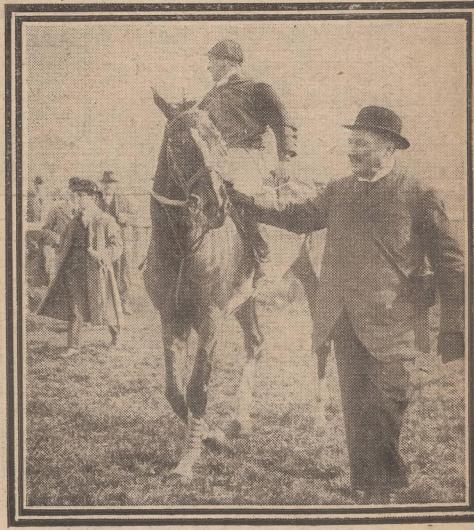


At one of the jumps. The horse which is seen clearing the obstacle is Trianon III.



Sunloch passing the post eight lengths in front of Trianon III.

Countless thousands made their way to Aintree to see the Grand National yesterday. The famous steeplechase was won by Sunloch, a 100 to 6 chance, who made all the running, and passed the post eight lengths in front of the grey horse, Trianon III, who



Mr. Tom Tyler leading in the winner.

finished a similar distance in front of the other Frenchman, Lutter III. It was one of the most one-sided races ever seen on the Liverpool course. The winner was ridden by W. J. Smith. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

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Iron-Ox tablets will bring back health and appetite. They will thoroughly cleanse your system, enrich the blood, brace the nerves and tone up the stomach. In a few days you will feel refreshed in mind and body and ready to enjoy life once again. Of all Chemists; from or the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

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TABLETS

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In this scene Beatrice, with her devoted companions, is walking on the banks of the River Arno at Florence when they come suddenly upon Dante, who, instantly struck and fascinated by the charm and transcendent grace of Beatrice, is fired with the first emotions of passionate love, which so took possession of him that his whole after-life was dominated by the potent spell of irresistible affection for his ideal of lovely womanhood.

This unique and generous gift of a **FREE ENGRAVING** is presented for the purpose of making the exceedingly high value of our Pictures better known and to introduce our Illustrated Art List to the readers of this paper, and this remarkable offer of a **Free Presentation Copy** will be the more appreciated when we emphatically state that larger reproductions of this magnificent Painting are Positively being sold elsewhere at Six Guineas each.



"THE MEETING OF DANTE AND BEATRICE."

By Henry Holiday.

The reader has simply to fill up the Coupon below and forward same to the Secretary, H. COLBAN-EWART, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, 251, Kensington High Street, London, W.8, with the illustration fee of 6d. by postal order (or stamp 7d.) to defray the cost of case, packing, carriage and all other expenses, on receipt of which the Engraving will be carefully packed and dispatched, **FREE OF ALL CHARGE**, and in every Parcel will be enclosed a Certificate giving the Reader the privilege to compete **ENTIRELY FREE OF ALL CHARGE** for a

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NEW ORDERS FOR THE ARMY.

Premier Says Sir J. French Has Not Withdrawn Resignation.

WHO WILL GO?

"Officers Forbidden to Ask Assurances" by Council's Order.

Sir John French and Sir John S. Ewart intimated that they wished to resign. I have asked them to withdraw their resignation, and I am still awaiting a final reply.

In a hushed and crowded Chamber, Mr. Asquith last night made this announcement to the Commons on the resignations of the two leading members of the Army Council.

Now the Cabinet awaits the final decision of the two distinguished soldiers. What will be their decision?

When the Premier rose to make his statement every seat in the House was filled, and the Peers' Gallery was packed to overflowing. Those present

INITIALS THAT CAUSED CRISIS.

The two paragraphs added by Colonel Seely to the Government statement to General Gough and repudiated by the Premier were—

His Majesty's Government must retain their right to use all the forces of the Crown in Ireland or elsewhere to maintain law and order, and to execute its duty. But they have no intention whatever of taking advantage of this right to carry political opposition to the policy or principles of the Home Rule Bill.

J. S. (John Seely),
J. F. (Sir John French),
J. S. E. (Sir John S. Ewart).

included the Duke of Devonshire, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and Lord Lansdowne.

After his reference to the resignations Mr. Asquith announced the issue of an important new order by the Army Council—which is printed in full in Column 4—and also stated with great emphasis that "no officer or any member of the Government ever contemplated active operations of a coercive character in Ulster."

The whole question of the Government's Home Rule policy will be debated in both Houses of Parliament on Monday, and on Tuesday in the Commons a motion for the rejection of the Home Rule Bill on the second reading will be moved by the Unionists. (Photographs on page 16.)

"NO ACTIVE OPERATIONS."

There was dead silence in the crowded Chamber when the Prime Minister came to the table to read his typewritten statement. He said:—

"Field-Marshal Sir J. French and Sir John S. Ewart yesterday intimated that they wished to be relieved of their office—not because of any difference between their view and that of the Government as to the conditions under which the Army should be employed to aid the civil power—but because they had initiated the memorandum, and they thought their resignation was incumbent upon them.

"The Government has conveyed to them the wish that as there was no difference of opinion in the government they shall not persist in their resignation—the carrying out of which would be regarded as a serious misfortune to the Army and the State."

"We are still expecting their final reply."

Here there broke in upon the Premier's statement a chorus of "Oh's!" from the Unionists.

"These two gallant officers believed," continued the Premier, "and in the circumstances they were justified in the belief that they were acting in accordance with the direction of the Cabinet in transmitting those directions to the officers

"NO COERCION."

"It is clear that there have been misunderstandings as to the intention or the purport of these proceedings in Ireland, out of which these difficulties have arisen."

Sir John spoke in slow, resonant voice, Mr. Asquith continued:—

"I wish to repeat what Ministers in both Houses have said several times this week and what, in view of the wild legends that have been current, needs to be repeated—that it is untrue that the Government or any member of the Government ever contemplated active operations of a coercive character in Ulster."

"No orders will be issued now or in the future which would impose upon the Army any duty or any service which is not amply covered by the terms of that order."

"I have only to add," said Mr. Asquith, "that the Government uphold any declaration they have made." (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

Mrs. Bonar Law rose immediately the Premier had finished.

He made it clear that he would say nothing as to the resignation of the two officers.

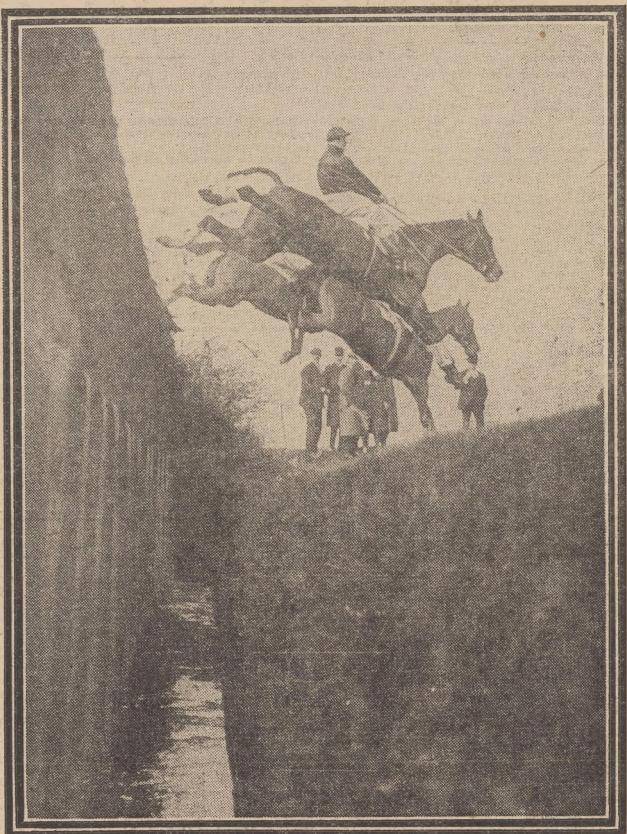
"We shall have an opportunity of discussing the whole subject on Monday."

"By that time we shall probably know the decision of these officers, and I think it would be out of place to say anything in regard to that now."

There was nothing in the order, said Mr. Bonar

(Continued on column 4.)

A JUMP IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.



A striking snapshot, showing three horses taking a jump in the Grand National at Aintree yesterday. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

INSURANCE ACT HAYRICKS SOLD.



An auctioneer selling hayricks which were seized by the Insurance Commissioners at a village near Rugby. The owners, it is stated, refused to recognise the Act and the hayricks, after being seized, were closely guarded by the police. A special luncheon was provided for the farmers.

M.P.S JEER AT PEERS IN GALLERY.

Wild Outburst in Commons Pre-faces Premier's Statement.

DECISIONS TO-DAY?

(Continued from column 1.)

Law, which was not already implied in the Army regulations.

The situation which has arisen is due entirely to the incredible folly of the Government and the Minister for War."

One passage by Mr. Bonar Law roused Unionists to a fierce demonstration of approval. It was this:—

"Of this I am absolutely sure—that more was contemplated either by the Government as a whole or by members of the Government than was admitted in the explanation which were given in this House on Wednesday."

Colonel Montagu Bell (Unionist) said on behalf of the officers and men of the Army that the Prime Minister's statement was "the grossest insult to the whole Army. I think Sir John French has absolutely stultified his position," he added.

But then rose the plaintive voice of Mr. J. M. Hogge, the Caledonian, who cut in with the words, "My Speaker would wish to call attention to the condition of the Scotch regiments."

The House burst into uproarious merriment, and comedy ended a tense scene.

PEERS IN AMAZING UPROAR.

All this came after an amazing scene at the beginning of the sitting.

Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, the Unionist member for Bodmin, with quiet restraint, asked for information as to the reported resignations of Generals French and Ewart.

Hundreds were focussed on the bearded figure of Mr. Gurnand, a Government Whip, who stepped to the table.

"In answer to that I am to say that the Cabinet is still sitting, and that they will not be able to make a statement till five o'clock."

The Unionists, packed shoulder to shoulder in overflowing rows, set up a long shout of irony.

Up sprang Mr. Bonar Law, his face white as paper. He strove to move the adjournment of the House there and then.

But the Speaker pointed out that this could only be done by the order of the Government.

Then came an amazing demonstration. The peers, including Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, were seen slowly filing out of the peers' gallery.

Somebody raised an ironical shout. The effect was electric.

In a flash dozens of Radicals and Nationalists were on their feet hailing the departure of noble lords, spiritual and temporal, with a scalding torrent of mocking cheers.

ARMY COUNCIL'S NEW ORDER.

The Army Council yesterday issued a new order to the Army.

Sir John French was present when the order was made, and the decision of the Council was unanimous. The order is as follows:—

1. That no officer or soldier should be compelled by his superior officers as to the attitude he would adopt or as to his action in the event of his being asked to obey orders depending on the future or hypothetical contingencies.

2. Officers or soldiers are forbidden in future to ask for assurances as to orders which they may be required to carry out.

3. It is to be the duty of every officer or soldier to obey all lawful commands given to them through the proper channels either for the safeguarding of public property or the support of the civil power in the ordinary execution of duty or the protection of lives and property in case of disturbances of the peace.

GENERAL'S DECISIONS TO-DAY.

The decisions of Sir John French and Sir J. S. Ewart with regard to their resignations have not been officially made known. The Central News learns authoritatively, it will be the Cabinet who meets, which, it is understood, will be this morning.

In political circles it is stated with some confidence that both officers will, if they have not already done so, withdraw their resignations.

"IF EVERY OFFICER RESIGNED."

References to the crisis were made last night by Mr. Illingworth, Chief Liberal Whip, and Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General, both speaking at Blackburn.

Mr. Illingworth said:—

The Liberal Party will not be deflected from the course which the Prime Minister has set. If any officer of the Army resigns the Government will not flinch one hair's breadth from the tasks they have taken in hand.

Sir John Simon said:—

I assert upon my honour that there was never a suggestion made or thought of committing butchery on a Protestant population. The Government is determined to go straight on.

Speaking at Custom House last night Mr. Will Thorne, Labour M.P. for West Hartlepool, and secretary of the Gasworkers' Union, said:—

I hope the Government will go full steam ahead and send the Home Bill to the House of Lords to deal with it. Then the King will be asked to sign the Bill, and if he does not do so we will be in conflict with Parliament and a dissolution will take place.

Sir Edward Carson left Belfast last night for London, travelling via Liverpool.

KNOWS HE IS MARRIED NOW.

Judge Dismisses "Baby Language" Man's Nullity Suit.

TO RETURN TO WIFE.

Mr. Peter Paspati, the baby language man, who it was represented has never grown up and has no idea that he is married, lost his suit yesterday for the annulment of his marriage.

The suit, which was heard before Sir Samuel Evans in the Divorce Court, and which was brought through Mr. Paspati's guardian, ended by the jury returning the following verdict:

"The jury return that the petitioner was capable of contracting a marriage and knew what he was doing and that the petitioner had refused cohabitation with his wife."

Sir Samuel Evans accordingly dismissed the petition, and granted Mr. Paspati a decree of separation of mutual rights.

A feature of the concluding stage of the case was a pathetic plea by Mrs. Paspati's counsel on her behalf. A verdict for the petitioner, it was pointed out, would mean ruin and misery to her, as she would have to begin her life again at the point when Mr. Paspati took her "out of the gutter."

(Photographs on page 13.)

FIRST MARRIED AT SIXTEEN.

A pathetic letter in baby language, half-French, half-English, was read when the hearing of the case was resumed yesterday.

It was a letter in which Mrs. Alma Paspati asked her husband, Mr. Paspati, to come to her and live with her as her husband. The letter read:

"Mr. Peter Paspati, Monsieur Jules, dit Peter restant Deymerys-roy. Why? Moi tree triste et to weep much. Very bad to come Alma. Peter afraid when come. Alma want me. Yes, you come. Alma always to love Peter. Year loving wife."

Standing in the witness-box Mrs. Paspati said that she composed this letter herself. She then returned to her seat at the solicitors' table, and listened to an eloquent final speech that Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., proceeded to make on her behalf.

Mr. Hume Williams pointed out to the court that the contract of marriage was a simple one, and did not require a high degree of intelligence to understand it.

The contract was to live together and love one another as husband and wife to the exclusion of all others. Mr. Paspati had an intelligence quite capable of understanding this contract.

The irregular union which he had formed with Mrs. Paspati he made legal. Then his family interfered.

Up till a month ago they were together. They were crying in one another's arms because of the action of his family.

"DWARVED AND WITHERED."

Mrs. Paspati was a small, abandoned woman. She was tempestuous when she was hungry. She had been married by her first husband before she was sixteen, and had been left destitute.

Counsel then reminded the jury of Mrs. Paspati's behaviour in the witness-box.

When she became ill, she did not fall down in a dramatic manner and have to be carried out as witnesses sometimes do to create an impression. The jury, however, continued to sit. Mr. Williams, gave a verdict against her she would go from the court ruined and miserable, possibly hungry, to begin life again at the point when Mr. Paspati took her from the gutter.

Counsel then drew a picture of Mr. Paspati spending the rest of his old age happily with a wife who loved him.

Mr. F. E. Smith then spoke, and discussed the merits of the case. He had lived for sixty years in England with the English language ringing in his ears, yet he had never been able to learn to speak or write English.

Counsel spoke of his client's intelligence as "dwarfed and withered." It was true that he could remember what he had spent his money on, but child of seven could do that.

If you asked him the question, "Peter marriage you?" you would get a blank look without getting an answer that showed that he understood. He had for forty years lived the life of a child in Messrs. Ralli's office in Liverpool.

FATHER OF THIRTY-FIVE CHILDREN.

BERLIN, March 27.—Ferdinand Eglinski, aged fifty-three, a tailor in the village of Ahlbeck, on the Baltic, claims to be the champion father in Germany. He married at twenty; his first wife had twenty-four children and died in 1906; he married her sister, who has eleven children—triplets once and twin twice. Nineteen boys and seven girls are alive.

In the entry of the sixth son in the army in 1913, says the *Tageblatt*, Eglinski was received in audience by the Kaiser, who ordered him to be entertained in Berlin at his Majesty's expense for a week.

After pressing a fifty-mark note (£2 10s.) in Eglinski's hand the Kaiser clapped him on the shoulder and said: "Just keep up the good work, Eglinski!" Cracking his heels at the salute, the man replied: "At your service, Majesty."

MADMAN'S LEAP IN A GALE.

The White Star liner Oceanic, which arrived at Plymouth yesterday, reported gales of four consecutive days in the Atlantic.

A number of passengers received injuries, and one, Thomas Farnsworth, became insane and jumped overboard and was drowned.

BOWLER AS A BOMBSHELL.

Shape of the King's New Hat Leaves Hatters Surprised.

The quiet and secluded atmosphere of London's fashionable hat shops is being sadly fluttered just now.

"It is against all tradition; it is absolutely a revolution," exclaimed one of the most authoritative hatters in London yesterday.

The man who has dropped this thunderbolt into the hat world is none other than the King, and all the trouble is concerned with his latest bowler hat.

It is said to be the very latest style of bowler, and has filled the conservative ranks of the old-fashioned hat brigade with consternation.

"It is quite a new style altogether," said an aged hatter yesterday. "Just look at the height of the crown. It must be at least 6in. high. That's an inch more than the average crown."

"But look at the top of it—the top is almost square and not rounded like the ordinary bowler hat," put in another old hatter, and as he spoke his hands shook with tremors of excitement.

And the bowler hat is the King—the real—it is quite extraordinary."

A third venerable hatter interviewed said—

"What I can't understand—what ticks me—I beg, pardon, sir—I mean, what is beyond my comprehension—is the band."

And the survey that band closely, sir. Give it your attention.

That band on the King's hat is at least 12in. in diameter. Now, the width of any ordinary band does not exceed an inch. It is really beyond me."

"Would you recommend the hat?" was a general question addressed to the experts.

"It certainly suits His Majesty," said their spokesman at length, with an official cough.

"It is certainly very individual. But we certainly could not make ourselves responsible for it."

"It is a good bowler," said the spokesman.

But despite all this it seems likely that King George's bowler will become generally popular before the season is over.

(Photograph on page 8.)

ELECTRICIANS TO STRIKE.

The London electricians, who have asked for higher pay and improved working rules, decided at a mass meeting at the Caxton Hall last night to reject the employers' terms. At a late hour they were discussing when their strike threat should become operative.

The men ask for 10d. an hour and a fifty-hour week, while the masters offer 10d. next month and 10d. in July and a fifty-five-hour week.

The employers' terms will not effect the tramways or light and power generating stations, but will apply to constructional, maintenance and repair works throughout the metropolis.

HAT TRIMMING OF BEAD FLOWERS.

Women's latest fancy is the making of bead flowers, and the bead flower is the home woman's latest craze to some extent the stick-up feather head adornments and the aigrette.

Some charming bead flowers were shown to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. The bead flower is made up very similarly to the way in which the natural flower is "wired" by the florist.

Reels of wire are sold with the beads and dried bead-shaped pearl beads make lovely petals of the flower. The beads are the petals of the flower consists of a collection stone or jewel.

Spikey petals of the chrysanthemum petal shape are made of glass and are sold in all colours, so that the boldest or the most delicate tints of a gown can be matched by the bead-flower petal.

MYSTERY OF STOLEN CHEQUES.

A remarkable story of stolen cheques was told yesterday, when Mr. Justice Bainbridge heard an action brought by Ladbrooke and Co., commission agents, of Hanover-square, against Mr. William Thomas Todd, carrying on the business of the John Bull Bank, to recover £25 10s. money collected by the defendant on a cheque with a stolen cheque.

In October, 1913, cheques for over £25 10s. were cashed by Mr. Johnson, of Oxford University, who stole from a pillar-box. The thieves took out the cheques from Mr. Ladbrooke's letters and substituted other cheques.

The cheque sent to Mr. Johnson was used to open an account at the John Bull Bank, carried on by defendant. They drew on this account to the extent of £100.

Mr. Justice Bainbridge gave judgment for plaintiffs.

POLICEMAN ACCUSED OF PERJURY.

The trial began at the Old Bailey yesterday of Francis Purcell, a constable in the Metropolitan Police, who is accused of having committed perjury during the hearing of a case at Marylebone Police Court on August 16.

Counsel said the perjury was alleged to have been committed on August 16 during the hearing of a charge of street betting against Edwin Frewer, a taxicab driver.

Purcell swore that he saw a taxicab driver write on a slip of paper words referring to a horse running in a race and hit it to Frewer with a shilling. At the police court it was shown that the handwriting on the slip was not that of the taxicab driver who was alleged to have passed the slip, and the case was dismissed.

Edwin Martin Frewer gave evidence, and in cross-examination denied having written a betting slip in order that the taxicab driver might copy it. "It would have taken him a week to copy it," added witness.

The hearing was adjourned.

LIGHT BLUES' TURN?

Will Cambridge Break Spell of Five Successive Defeats?

CREW OF SIX-FOOTERS.

Oxford and Cambridge boat race. To be rowed to-day on the Thames from Putney Mortlake.

Start to be made at 2.0 p.m.

Will the bad luck that has been haunting Cambridge for the last five years turn at last? Will the Light Blues break the spell of five successive defeats?

These are the questions that thousands of enthusiasts are asking themselves this morning, for the University Boat Race is always a source of interest to Londoners, and the theory that Cambridge may be the winner this year has added interest to the contest.

Some interesting points about this year's rival crews are as follow:

All the Cambridge rowers are over 6ft. in height, with the exception of Mr. Day. They are the heaviest crew ever to have rowed the race, being 12st. 9lb., the previous record being 12st. 8lb., in 1910.

These sons of old Blues are rowing to-day—Mr. Kimberley and Mr. Titherington in the Oxford boat and Mr. Swan, one of the Cambridge crew.

The Cambridge boat race has been won by Cambridge thirty times. The Dark Blues have been victorious for the past five years.

The Light Blues have been hot favourites for several weeks, but Oxford have made such rapid improvement during the final stages of the training at Putney that the result is by no means a foregone conclusion.

The Oxford crew had eight old Blues available, six of whom rowed last year. But for various reasons only three were called upon, in addition to the president (A. F. R. Wiggins), who rowed in 1912 and 1913.

These were E. D. Horsfall, who rowed the same years as the president, F. A. H. Pitman, who rowed in 1912, and H. K. Ward, who rowed in 1913.

The chief trouble was to find a stroke, R. W. Fletcher, who finally rowed. Pitman and the president himself being tried in turn.

When the crew came to Henley Wiggins was at stroke, but before the crew left the Upper Thames a drastic alteration was made in the order. G. B. Taylor, who stroked the Canadian eight at Henley last year, was left out in favour of B. Burden (the spare man), and Pitman once more went to the stroke seat.

Four of the old Blues in residence, and four were called on to row. The president (S. E. Swann), C. E. V. Buxton and G. E. Tower fill the same seats as last year, and C. S. Clark was moved from 6 to 5.

Pitman, the Oxford stroke, is a nephew of the famous pitman brothers—F. C. and R. B. Pitman, who rowed in 1912, and a double Blue, for he represented Oxford in the sports last year.

There are two Colonials taking part in the race. Dr. H. K. Ward (Oxford) stroked the Sydenham (N.S.W.) University crew, who are from England, and Livingston (Cambridge) is a native of Vancouver.

To-day's race will be umpired by Mr. F. I. Pitman, the famous Cambridge stroke, and the distance judge will be Mr. Percy Adcock (London R.C.).

JUDGE'S SUBTLE ALLUSIONS.

Subtle allusions to the parliamentary crisis were made by Mr. Justice Darling in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

"In writing?" smilingly asked the Judge, when case was settled, and counsel proposed to endorse the terms of settlement on their briefs.

"We think it safer," said Mr. Holland Gregory, K.C., and Mr. Schiller, K.C., in chorus.

When the next case was called on there was some delay because counsel on one side was not present.

Mr. Lewis Thomas, K.C., hurried in later and apologised, with the remark that he had been assured his case would not come on for some time. "If you get an assurance you should not believe it," observed Mr. Justice Darling.

GENERAL'S HOUSE FIRED.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BELFAST, March 27.—Mysteries surround a fire which broke out early to-day and destroyed Abbotsford, Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmon's palatial residence, standing several hundred feet above the sea and commanding a fine prospect across Belfast Lough.

The general fittings of the mansion, including a fine oak staircase, were of the most costly description. Everything was demolished.

A broken pane of glass at the east end of the house led to the supposition that the fire was the work of incendiaries, probably suffragettes.

The window was besmeared by a soapy substance with a carbolic odour, a precaution usually taken to deaden the noise of the breaking glass.

VILLA'S BATTLE COSTUME.

NEW YORK, March 27.—A telegram from Chihuahua states that a report was received there last evening to the effect that the rebels were trying to approach closer to Torreon. Heavy firing was going on at the time the report was dispatched—Reuter.

The sufferings of the rebels during the battle are reported by a messenger from the front to have been terrible, adds Reuter. Water was scarce and rations were not available after the first day, the men having no time to retire for food.

Garbed in a dusty, torn suit, a slouch hat and a red kerchief, General Villa crept among the Mesquite bushes, encouraging the soldiers and showing them how to make their fire more effective.

BABY'S GRAVE ON HEATH

Doctor's Theory of Fatal Blow from Flat Iron or Stick.

A fracture on the left side of the skull was the cause of death. Some severe blow must have been inflicted, probably by a thick stick or a flat iron.

This statement was made by Dr. Spilsbury at St. Pancras Coroner's Court yesterday afternoon, when the inquest was opened on the three month old infant, named Annie Childs, whose body was discovered buried on Hampstead Heath early in the week.

The mother, Mrs. Sarah Childs, of Hawley crescent, Kentish Town, and a man, said to be the father, named Archibald Cameron, a navyman, are under remand on suspicion of being concerned in causing the child's death.

Mrs. Annie Carpzon, sister of Mrs. Childs, said that last Sunday the mother came to her crying and said she had lost her baby from her room while on an errand. Cameron had disappeared also. Witness accompanied Mrs. Childs to Marylebone Police Station.

Detective Hastings said in consequence of what Cameron told him he went with him to Hampstead Heath. After searching for about an hour at the spot indicated by Cameron he found a linen parcel. Cameron said, "That's it."

The parcel was dug up and found to contain the body later. Mrs. Childs said, "That is my baby; is it dead?" Pointing to Cameron she added, "That wicked man is the cause of this."

The inquest was adjourned till Friday next.

"FORCED TO MARRY HER."

Young Man's Allegation That He Had to "Pay £200 or Be Shot."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, March 27.—A revolver scene in a "wake" house had a curious sequel in Dublin Police Court to-day, when Mrs. Anne Gerty, aged forty, was committed for trial on a charge of attempting to shoot a young man named William Brinsley Gerty.

The latter said that during his sister's "wake" he had threatened to shoot his wife, and, after being invited into the house and producing a loaded revolver, said she would do for him. His father came on the scene and both struggled with the woman, wresting the weapon from her.

Witness declared that accused and her husband had been blackmailing him for a considerable time.

In cross-examination the witness said he had gone through a marriage ceremony with the accused while her husband was alive.

Has she any claim on you—I don't know any claim that justifies shooting. Was there a child of the marriage—I cannot say for certain.

He admitted there was a child named after him. Defending counsel had a document following him, which he said was in his handwriting.

I, Brinsley Gerty, declare that I married my wife Annie, and am the father of Richard Sheridan Gerty, and shall always lawfully own her, as my first real wife, according to my own wish, and the only wife I ever loved or loved her.

BRINSLEY GERTY.

"I never heard of such a document in my life," was the reply. He admitted he was married in Holyhead in 1910, but added that he never met the accused for a year afterwards.

You don't know whether this is the woman you married?—No, I don't. When I married her—

Why did you go to Holyhead?—I had to pay £200 or £250 to get married to her. She had a lot of my money.

Mr. Gerty, the young man's father, said his son had been getting through hundreds of pounds for the woman. He went to the bank one day and got £600.

PERFUMED CORSETS.

The perfumed corset is the latest novel idea, and many women insist that their corsets shall be scented with their favourite perfume. In some designs when the perfume matches the hue of the colour of the corset.

A rose-perfumed corset may be of rose colour, a violet-scented corset of violet, or if it be perfumed with white and purple violets mixed the colour will be white.

Some corsets are also trimmed with fur, while others have little knots of flowers instead of ribbon bows—the flowers being perfumed when worn on the perfumed corset.

WHEN THE BALD HAVE HOPE.

Those who are worried by fears of baldness should consult the highly instructive article on the subject in Part 3 of the "Family Encyclopaedia of Medicine."

Careful distinction is made there between the numerous varieties of falling hair or baldness, and the difference between curable and incurable cases is clearly shown.

It is pointed out that if the thinning and falling out of the hair have not gone beyond the stage where there is a crop, however thin, there is hope of a cure. Useful prescriptions for hair washes, lotions, and so on, are given in plain and simple language.

THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Variable breezes from northerly points; fine to cloudy, with some cold showers; frosty morning and night. Sat. Sun.

Lighting-up time London Bridge—7.25 p.m. 7.25 p.m. High-water at London Bridge—5.12 p.m. 5.40 p.m.

Opening of Oyster season Holborn Circus City 6 p.m. Banker—29.25in. rising temperature, 46 degrees; wind, N.; weather, cloudy, slight rain at times.

Passages will be moderate.



Mr. B. F. Keith.

Death was announced yesterday, once seriously contemplated a campaign of continuous performance vaudeville in this country. He bought that now derelict theatre in Oxford-street, the Princess's. It has been closed for years, but it still belongs to the Keith syndicate.

The Princess's Caretaker.

Most people suppose that the Old Princess's has for years been given over to dust and cockroaches. But this is not quite true. There is an old lady who has been employed at the theatre for some forty years. She now acts as caretaker.

It must be something of a lonely life living alone with memories in a derelict theatre, but I am told the old lady is quite cheerful.

Wrong Situations.

Like so many American theatrical managers, Keith secured a theatre in the wrong position. Hammerstein, who came to conquer London years later, did the same thing, and found that he had to fight not only normal competition, but the reluctance of his public to come to the neighbourhood in which his theatre was built. Both failed here largely on this account.

Theatres as Gifts.

In the United States there is a Keith theatre in almost every large town. The one in Boston is perhaps the most comfortable in the world. It contains beautifully furnished and lighted waiting-rooms, elaborate cloakrooms, and there are no extra fees even for the use of the telephone.

Some years ago Mr. Keith presented to two of his oldest managers a theatre each, complete even to the freehold of the land on which they stood, as token of his appreciation of their services to him.

"Lulu's" Two Hobbies.

Some of the parliamentary prophets are foretelling a promotion to the War Office for Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt. If these prophecies come true we may expect some epoch-making changes in that traditionally sleepy department, for Mr. Harcourt has a reputation as an innovator who dares—and likes—to flout bad old practices.

His methods of tackling bad parliamentary traditions, like the ventilation of the House and the seating arrangements, were revolutionary when he was First Commissioner of Works. At that time it was said he had but two hobbies—gold-tipped cigarettes and ventilation.

Blast.

I have been invited to attend a gathering this afternoon in sombre Bloomsbury, where a Cubist School and Centre for Revolutionary Art of every description has just been founded.

The Cubists and other revolutionaries are bringing out a paper to advocate their views. It bears the truly appropriate title of *Blast*.

SHY NIGHTINGALE.

West Ham Girl Who Would Rather Be in Business Than a Singer.

Mabel N. Clark, the orphan girl of fourteen, with an abnormal contralto voice, who is under the guardianship of the West Ham Board of Guardians, is a little shy at the prospect of becoming perhaps a great singer.

Her voice is so beautiful that it is proposed to give her a musical education.

Yesterday she took part in a girls' singing competition at Stratford Town Hall, the candidates all being aged fourteen or fifteen years.

She is a pretty girl of ordinary height, with dark hair and blue-grey eyes, and her face is especially refined and intelligent.

"I have never lived in the workhouse," she told *The Daily Mirror*, "but with friends who are very good to me."

"I do not like the idea of becoming a professional singer, although I love to sing, for I do not like people to say so much about me."

"I go to the Council school at Woodford, and I am to stay there until I am sixteen, and then I think I would like to go to business and just sing for a hobby."

"I have sung at little concerts in the district, and have won several prizes at competitions. I do not know yet what kind of business I should like to learn."

Orders for two large oil-tank steamers are reported to have been placed by the Russian Government with firms on the Tyne and on the Wear.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP**The Vaudeville King.**

Mr. B. F. Keith, the vaudeville king of America, whose

How to Keep a Birthday.

A little, thin, very old woman may be seen on most evenings sitting on the steps of a church in the West End of London. She remains until she gets the necessary pence for a night's lodgings.

The other evening she said to me, "I must tell you my good luck as well as my bad. Last night a lady drove up in a motor-car and stopped in front of me. She has helped me sometimes, and she jumped out and gave me a shilling."

"I want you to go home at once," she said, "because it is my birthday."

A Famous Man.

The other day I saw a man in a restaurant whose countenance, as the old novelists would have said, was "strangely familiar." He was not a politician, an actor or a popular barrister. In vain I racked my brain to try and discover why I knew his face so well.

When I went out into the Strand and bought an evening paper I was still thinking of the familiar-looking stranger, and, strangely enough, his photograph peered at me from the columns of the newspaper.

Then I understood why I knew that face so well. He was a man who had been cured of something by a patent medicine.

To-day's Grumble.

I telephoned John Hassall the other evening and asked for a grievance for my collection. He said he had lots of things to grumble about, and would think out his pet one and send it along. It arrived yesterday, and I print it in the middle of the page, and this is what he wrote when he sent it.

Drew It.

The chief complaint that is remediable that I have is the "wrong number, ring off" habit of the telephone. Or when it's the right number the futile questions one is asked—for instance, the last one was, "What have you got to grumble about?" I cannot express myself in words, so I've drawn it."

International Foxhunting.

We are threatened with a new international contest in sport. The Piedmont pack of foxhounds, so an American paper tells me, is to be brought to this country from Virginia, where it hunts, "to make any sort of match that might be entertained by any English or Irish hunt as to the capabilities of American or English foxhounds."

A Cup for the Winner.

I don't know what sort of a match Mr. D. C. Sands, jun., Master of the Piedmont pack, has in mind, but the idea of a meet of the combined packs of the Quorn and the Piedmont at, say, Kirby Gate, and a championship cup for the Master of the pack that killed first, might perhaps meet his wishes.

It would be a fearful and wonderful sight, but it wouldn't be foxhunting.



Mr. John Hassall's Grumble.

A Chance for a Genius.

One day perhaps a genius will arise in the Potteries who will invent a sensible soap-dish and a reasonable dinner-plate. He will undoubtedly make a fortune for himself or for his firm.

The present archaic soap-dish as produced by the potter is a splendid contrivance for turning hard soap into soft jelly. A perforated cover would prevent this and give the soap a chance to dry.

As for the dinner-plate, if only a potter would make one with a rim that did not shoot all the salt placed on it down into the gravy he would earn the thanks of every diner. I have hardly ever seen a dinner-plate with a proper rim.

To Dry Umbrellas.

And incidentally, while the genius is making his fortune, he might invent a perforated earthenware umbrella-holder that gives the wet gamp a chance to dry.

Umbrella-makers may try to assassinate him, but the average man will guarantee him a splendid tomb in token of gratitude.

Mustard-Coloured Gloves.

The seasonal epidemic of mustard-coloured gloves has arrived, I see. On all sides these hideous garments—I suppose one may call them garments—insult the returning sunshine with their lurid tints.

Why will people wear mustard-coloured gloves? I never yet met a man who could honestly admit he liked their colour. One very young lad said he thought they looked smart, but he didn't know why.

They Always Get Grimey.

Not the least of their sins is the facility with which they get dirty. The new mustard glove is bad enough, but after a few minutes' wear it begins to grow grimy, and a grimy mustard glove is worse still.

I made detailed inquiries about these gloves yesterday, and from wearers of them I learn that their merits are three—cheapness, thinness and their washable qualities.

Against these must be placed the facts that they are ugly, wear for a very short time and always want cleaning.

Now what have the champions of the mustard-coloured gloves to say to this?

Cards Returned, Etc.

I was writing the other day of Mr. John Burns's rebuke to a House of Commons messenger for incoherently shouting the familiar sentence in the public lobby, "Cards returned. Member not found."

It appears that I have unjustly accused the messengers. One of them writes to me to say that the police on duty are at fault; it is they who cry the unintelligible "Cards, etc." The messengers' duty is merely to announce the names, so I hasten to acquit the messengers of faulty elocution.

QUICKER FEASTING.

Speedy Banquets Replace Long and Dreary Dinners—The Kaiser's Order.

Long, dreary official dinners, which drag on for one and a half hours or more, are gradually being superseded—thanks to the example set by the King—by quicker, fifty-minute banquets.

King George, so *The Daily Mirror* was authoritatively informed yesterday, does not like a state dinner to exceed the hour, and, as a result, London caterers are speeding up the service at these functions.

"Fifty-five minute" official dinners have already been commanded by the Kaiser in Germany. This is the "dinner edict" which has just been issued by the Kaiser:

No official dinner shall last longer than forty-five minutes from the time the guests sit down until they rise.

Mr. Ring, of the well-known City catering firm of Ring and Brymer, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that there was a general tendency to make official dinners shorter nowadays.

A typical fifty-minute, first-class official dinner menu suggested by Mr. Ring is as follows:

Royal Whistable Natives.
Clear Turtle.
Salmon, Sautee, Biche.
Ris de Veau aux Herbes de Provence.
Saddles of Mutton, Green Asparagus.
Cumberland Ham, Champagne Sauces.
Patisserie Princess.
Bommes Nesselrode.
Croûtes, Vinaigrette.
Dessert, etc.

**"Melbourne."**

By to-night Melbourne Inman will be entitled to claim for another year the title of billiards champion. Inman has a wonderful temperament for championship play. He has no nerves.

He is not an Australian, despite his first name. He was christened Melbourne, and he comes from Twickenham.

He is an interesting player to watch, if only for the shades of boredom that cross his face. Last night he looked intensely bored—he always does when he is winning.

A Scheme Abandoned.

Some of the labour organisations have been planning a great counter-demonstration to the monster anti-Home Rule meeting of the Unionists in Hyde Park. Yesterday, however, their legal advisers deterred them from such a project. The legal advisers do not want breaches of the peace.

"White Elephants" in Kensington.

A novel stall will be kept by the Mayoress of Kensington during the "Kensington Camp Week" in May to raise £3,000 for the Kensington Reservists. It will be known as "the White Elephant Stall," and the idea is to enable promoters of the bazaar to get rid of tressome presents given to them by friends at Christmas, Easter or on any other occasion. It will be interesting if the original donors of these "white elephants" recognise their gifts in the White Elephant Stall.

An Unlucky Year?

A prominent punter tells me that he is not going to have a bet this year. It must be an unlucky year, he says, as, looking through the calendar, he has discovered that three Fridays fall on the thirteenth of the month.

If he keeps his word, 1914 is likely to be a lucrative year for him, anyhow.

The Flying Girl.

Miss Isobel Elsom, the charming Doris in "After the Girl" at the Gailey Theatre, whose flight across Europe is the main feature of the piece, has lately had a flight of quite a different kind. She took a little trip the other day with Mr. Gustav Hamel in his aeroplane.

At first she felt a little dizzy, but so enjoyed her experience that she went up again, and this time Mr. Hamel half "looped the loop." Miss Elsom is flying again shortly.

The Frenchwomen's Idol.

A friend of mine who has returned from Paris tells me that all the women of France are quite rapturous in their adoration of Carpenter, the boxer. A lot of actors are terribly jealous, and the fashionable poets are contemplating suicide.

Carpenter lockets and miniatures are quite the things of the moment. When the French idol boxed Jeannette the ring side was thronged with women, and many of them were green, purple and blue wigs.

Rather a bizarre scene this, the Frenchman and the mulatto boxing under the white glare of the electric lamps while women with strange-coloured hair looked on and applauded.

THE RAMBLER.

TOO MUCH FOR THE CITY

Woman in Trouser-Skirts Has Thrilling Escape from Cheapside Crowd.

A girl walked thirty yards along Cheapside at midday yesterday wearing a trouser skirt. She afterwards had the most exciting, thrilling hour of her life!

Within a few seconds hundreds of people gathered round her. She fought her way through the crush, ran into a building, and only escaped the mob by changing into another skirt, climbing a fire-escape and getting into Cheapside through a window.

The girl was a Miss Fuller, a buyer of dresses and costumes, and she came up to the City from Streatham to call on some firms, wearing a most pronounced trouser skirt.

At London Bridge Station she took a cab to Cheapside, and alighted a few doors away from No. 149, where she was due to call at Messrs. Hersh and Murray.

In that few seconds' walk the appearance of Miss Fuller seemed to paralyse the crowd. People ran towards her from all directions, and the police were powerless to do anything.

"Help me, help me!" she cried, struggling into the doorway of No. 149, followed by dozens of officers, who said it was "a woman in sailor's trousers."

The liftman put the girl hastily into the lift, slammed the gate and whizzed her up to the fifth floor, and eventually Miss Fuller escaped in the manner described above.

Rudge-Whitworth Britain's Best Bicycle

Guaranteed all-British

Rudge-Whitworths are built throughout in the great Birmingham and Coventry factories, whose practice is the outcome of 45 years' experience of the building of high-grade bicycles.

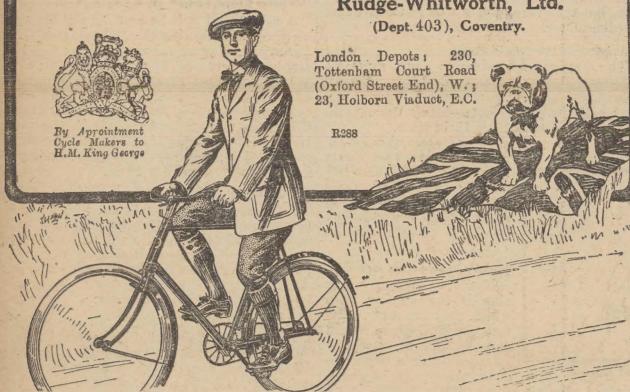
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TO EVERYBODY WHO IS GREY.

Message from the Greatest Living Authority on
Hair Culture to Every Grey-haired Man and Woman

ASTOUNDING SUCCESS OF MR. EDWARDS' LATEST
INVENTION—HIS GENEROUS GIFT TO THE NATION.

FREE REMEDY TO ALL.

Thousands of grey-haired men and women have written to Mr. Edwards, as the recognised authority on all hair ailments, pleading for help and advice.

That they have not approached him in vain is evidenced by the many expressions of heartfelt gratitude and praise for the wonderful benefits conferred upon them by the permanent eradication of all signs of greyness from their hair and the preserving of their youthful appearance, through which they have been enabled to maintain their position in the business and social sphere. Now that greyness has become so prevalent and that the fame of Mr. Edwards' treatment has spread so far and wide, he finds it impossible to treat each case individually.

Feeling, however, that he cannot disregard the appeals of the nation, he has come forward with

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER

Every Grey-haired lady and gentleman will benefit by this great offer—an offer which can be appreciated by those who know how all previous attempts to cure greyness by pernicious hair dyes, etc., have failed, and how completely ASTOL, Mr. Edwards' discovery, has succeeded.

You need only fill in the Coupon below to secure a Bottle of ASTOL—a natural preparation which causes the hair to colour itself—Free.

ASTOL has aptly been described as "Nature's own remedy for Greyness." It is not a dye, but a food for the pigment cells—the tiny organisms which supply the hair with natural hair-colour.

Artificial colourings at best only give temporary satisfaction, and always mean disaster to the hair itself.

Better a thousand times have totally white hair than suffer baldness and scalp irritation caused by hair-destroying chemical dyes.

THERE IS NO MYSTERY.

The enduring success of ASTOL in curing Greyness is due to the fact that it assists Nature. It reinforces the hair pigment cells so that they produce a never-ceasing flow of colour to the hair; and it also gradually gives the hair a healthier and more youthful appearance.

ASTOL is the result of closest personal study and knowledge of the hair.

The free public distribution of ASTOL will be the means of making many homes brighter—many men appear younger and more self-reliant—and will restore to ladies the charm of their younger days.

ASTOL only takes two or three minutes to apply, and when once your hair's colour has been restored you need only use it occasionally. There is no bothering and annoying dyeing to be performed day by day—year in and year out.

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER.

A Lady writes: "I must give my testimony to the wonderful power of 'Astol'."

At the age of 30, owing to my greyness, I looked quite 45, and in consequence I found that I was debarred from taking active part in the amusement of younger acquaintances. None of the so-called cures availed, and with hair considerably deteriorated I at last decided to give 'Astol' a trial. . . . The complete colour is now restored to my hair, and I am young again."

This letter is not an unusual one; in fact, some of the testimonials which have been received (all unsolicited) give particulars of cures which seem almost miraculous.

If your hair is grey or growing grey, lose no time in taking a course of "Astol."

Enthusiasm over the amazing cures is quite understandable. The man "too old at forty," who has seen himself superseded by younger-looking men not one whit more active than he has, with his youthful looks restored by "Astol" once more taken his place in the van of the struggle for superiority.

The Society lady, whose life has been embittered by the loss of that admiration and homage which is her just due, is able once more to look young, looking and as charming as ever—thanks to "Astol"—to come out of the obscurity into which her greyness had driven her.

LET ASTOL RESTORE THE LOST COLOUR TO YOUR HAIR

Remember that ASTOL is a natural nourishment



As illustrated above, greyness may be due to a variety of causes. "Astol" effectively cures all forms, whether of long-standing nature or recent growth. Send to-day for a Free Home Trial Supply, with full particulars, obtainable by using coupon below.

for the hair-colouring tissues.

ASTOL cures all forms of greyness. ASTOL quickly restores the natural colour of grey or white hair.

ASTOL cures total greyness, even of long standing.

ASTOL eliminates patches of greyness over the temples and near the ears.

ASTOL makes you look years younger in a few weeks.

USE THE COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.

Upon the well-being of your hair depend your future happiness. As you believe in, therefore, as Mr. Edwards naturally cannot distribute an unlimited number of samples, to apply at once for your free trial of ASTOL.

Simply fill in the Coupon and send it, with 2d. stamps to postage, and by return you will receive—

(1) A trial bottle of ASTOL.

(2) "Good News for the Grey-haired," a booklet, fully describing this wonderful natural cure.

The trial will prove to you the value of a full course of treatment.

ASTOL is obtainable in 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. bottles from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, on remittance. Foreign postage extra. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

"FOR CURING GREYNESSE" FREE COUPON.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send the Free Trial Treatment of "Astol" (in plain sealed wrapper). I enclose 2d. stamps to pay postage anywhere in the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of The Daily Mirror are—
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1914.

BILL AND THE BLUE.

ONE of those leisurely wagons coming along Fleet-street!—the somnolent driver impeding all the rest of the traffic. Reminder of the slower days when people really "rambled"—Johnson and Goldsmith and the rest of them! To-day, too, there is another reminder—the ribbons on the horse and on the reins; a blue favour in the driver's buttonhole. Of course: we had forgotten—the boat race. The day of that great *rapprochement* between the seats of learning and the populace; the day when Oxford and Cambridge, becoming popular, become almost vulgar also.

For this reason, we have known an undergraduate of the best set profess a repugnance for the boat race. He may be persuaded to go, if you ask him very, very nicely, but he doesn't unreservedly approve. Yet he and the University authorities ought by rights to be very glad of the opportunity. On this one day in the year, does the anonymous multitude sympathise and understand. Bad men, during the rest of the year, exercise their arts and arguments in trying to convince the world that Oxford is the home of lost causes and Cambridge the resort of the *Tripos*, or something equally mysterious to the uninitiated: utterly ignoring the change that has (unfortunately) come over the complexion of these once delightful cities; entirely ignorant of the busy modern undergraduate, the busy Bursarial don, the roar of traffic, the tooting of the fresher's motor-car, the throbbing of his motor-bicycle. A backwater indeed! Lost causes! What awful rot! Go and see. Go and discover that, to-day, in Oxford (for example) you can study almost anything from beetles' wings to the action of potassium upon potatoes. The curriculum (if we may allude to these activities under that outworn name) includes all the brand new embryological and scientific and accurate and tiresome things that are held nowadays to be so essentially modern; though they are *au fond* quite as mediæval and mystical as those towers of Waynflete and Wykeham over which Matthew Arnold was ironical. "Dreaming" indeed! Who could possibly dream in front of the new facade of Oriel, with Cecil Rhodes instead of Wykeham and Waynflete? No, no: we must recognise that Oxford and Cambridge are nowadays nearly as modern and unpleasant as any other place.

But there's yet one thing that prevents the dear places from being recognised as modern.

That is the manner in which they keep themselves to themselves, to use the popular phrase. They are modern, but they don't mix with others. They are not rude—not unkind. They just don't care. They simply want to have a good busy modern time all by themselves and not be bothered. You notice it, if, having withdrawn from one of them, regrettably to plunge into the outer world, you visit them again later, and meet with a sort of distant friendliness. You have a feeling that they don't know you; but that they're too polite to show it. An attitude, easy to feel, hard to define.

And that attitude of aloofness, that determination to have a good time apart from other people, is broken down in the genial notoriety of the boat race. Hence we praise the boat race for bringing undergraduate and outer world, Bill and the Blue, together, within shouting distance.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

LOUD LAUGHTER.

LIKE "W. M.," I have been constantly surprised to read of "laughter in court" caused not only by references to drunkenness but practically everything else. I do not know why this should be unless it is because some people will laugh at anything. Certainly it is not the strength of the humour displayed by Judges and counsel.

LAUGHTER.

ON KEEPING STILL.

I CONFESS that I've always found travel a great "nuisance." My wife is a great traveller, and year by year I am dragged along by her, and year by year in the winter we are on the Riviera (usually) and thence we go on to Italy, where I have never had a decent meal in my life. In the late spring and

WHAT IS CRANKINESS?

CRANKINESS is anything unusual—anything, therefore, repugnant to the common herd. Let a man have his own ideas, his own method of life, his own habits, and let them be a little different from those of his neighbours—he is certain to be called a crank.

ONE OF THEM.

Hampstead.

THE MEANING OF LENT.

NOBODY can deny the cynical statement made by your correspondent, R. H. Jones, to the effect that some people "keep" Lent because it pleases them to do so, on account of the feeling of self-righteousness they derive from it, but, surely all people do not practise self-denial for this reason.

When a Christian begins vaguely to consider the sacrifices which Christ made for our sakes while

REFORMING LOVERS.

Ought Young Engaged People to See the Faults in One Another?

I AM engaged to a young man who is always trying to improve me—either my dress or my appearance generally. The way my hair is arranged is sure to be wrong every time we meet, which is almost every day. He also calls me "odd," and unlike other girls in my manner. He says: "I know you are good and one of the best, but you must look smarter. You fling your clothes on."

I am sure I take great pains that every thing should be tidy. His sister once on occasion remarked: "Oh, you look lovely." A little later my fiancée said: "You look awful in that blouse. It makes you look so old."

It really worries me a great deal and I often have a good cry, because other people tell me I look nice. I am getting thinner too, and that is making him feel he likes fat people. But when a compliment is made I am sure it is far better appreciated than one would be from a young man who always paid them.

Are other girls worried as I am, or are only girl that wants reforming?

COUNTRY MOUSE.

THE question of women reforming the men they have promised to marry appeals to me. As a "mice man" I would offer some useful suggestions to the opposite sex.

Man has many faults, none of which appears to me to be incurable, but women are too apt to be inconsiderate and look at a man's life from their own standpoint. I do not contend that women should be continually "telling" men more than they should set up their own lives and interests, as a basis for the reform they desire to bring about. The lives and interests of both sexes must of necessity be different, and a perfect understanding of the two is necessary.

Man is not, as some of your women readers appear to believe, an unreasonable creature, and he is as capable of being led as he is of commanding.

MERE MAN.

IT is a very dangerous adventure for a loving and trusting woman to pledge her faith with one whom she knows "has his faults, especially so, if those faults are greatly antagonistic to her own ideas." This subject pertains to future happiness and deserves deep and serious thought.

Love, reform of lovers, and happiness, are matters concerning the heart and life of sweethearts.

Will your correspondents ask themselves if a lofty minded woman could marry, and be happy, with a scurrilous fellow, or vice versa? The nearer the two mind levels" of sweethearts the greater the chance of happiness. Faults may be smothered by intense devotion for just as long as the partner can hold that devotion, and no longer. Many a sorrowing soul has learnt that bitter lesson at far-off court. Lovers should consider their own minds and hearts. Let them see things not as they wish they would be, but just as they are. Then if their "mind levels" are sympathetic a woman may do a lot towards attuning her sweetheart.

The late Max O'Rell once remarked to myself that, "No man was ever born who could understand a woman's heart. It is a mystery." This possibly explains why a lady so definitely seeks "a like" in view to reforming it and eventually comes to wonder—when too late—why Fate has been so cruel to her.

ESTCOURT.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—Sweet peas sown in pots in a frame early in the year should now be growing freely. Give them little sticks to cling to in plenty of time and keep the soil fairly moist. The frames should be kept open all day; the will induce the little plants to grow sturdily. Later on, the lights must be removed altogether.

Sweet peas sown some weeks ago in the open ground will soon be peeping up. Guard them at once from the birds by means of black cotton, and continually dust a little soot or lime around them. Pea sticks must now be got ready.

E. F. T.

THE NEW SORT OF OFFICE BOY AND THE OLD SORT OF "BOSS."



It is rumoured that, in the City at this moment, there is an office boy who drives up in a fine motor-car every morning and whose father is one of the wealthiest men in London. The great man wants his son to begin at the foot of the ladder. If his example is widely followed, the relations between "boss" and office boy will have to be revised.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

for June and July I succeed in getting my wife to remain in London, where our home is—if you can call it a home—since we have to leave the left. Then, in August, Switzerland. Of all the places we go to, I think I hate Switzerland most, if it were not that the food is a little better than it is in Italy.

A AFFECTIONATE, BUT BORED HUSBAND.

ROMAN PEACE

G thou to Rome—at once the Paradise.

The grave, the city and the wilderness;

And where its walls like shattered mountains rise,

And where the rocks are like the people dress'

The bones of dissolution's nakedness

Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead

Thy footsteps to a slope of green access

Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead.

A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round; on which dull Time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;

And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,

Pavilions the dust of him who planned

Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,

A field is spread, on which a newer band

Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death

Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

—SHELLEY.

on earth; when he thinks of that last awful sacrifice made for each and every individual of the unutterable multitude. The great God of God in His dealings with us each day of our lives, it is then that he feels what an infinite debt he owes, and how impossible it is ever to wipe it off.

During the season of Lent he feels that he would like to give a little in return for all he has received, and so he decides to deny himself one or two of his little pleasures. What a poor little self-sacrifice is that to us! What a pitiful thing to feel self-righteous about!

DEBTOR.

Newcastle.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

How to put a stop to wars and fighting. Suggestions from the crisis in Ulster.

Do you really like travel? Or is it an expensive and overrated amusement? See a letter in our correspondence column.

The Boat Race. Don't say, please, that you would be

Oxford, if it were not that you like the Cambridge colours better.

How to get a stop to wars and fighting. Suggestions from the crisis in Ulster.

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THE KING'S BOWLER



This photograph of the King was taken during his visit to the north, and shows him wearing a new style of bowler hat. The brim is narrow and curly, and the crown very high. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

LEADING LADY AGED TEN



Miss Marjory Coulson, aged ten, London's youngest leading lady, rehearsing her part in "Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox," which is to be produced at the Little Theatre.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

NEW TABLE BIRD.



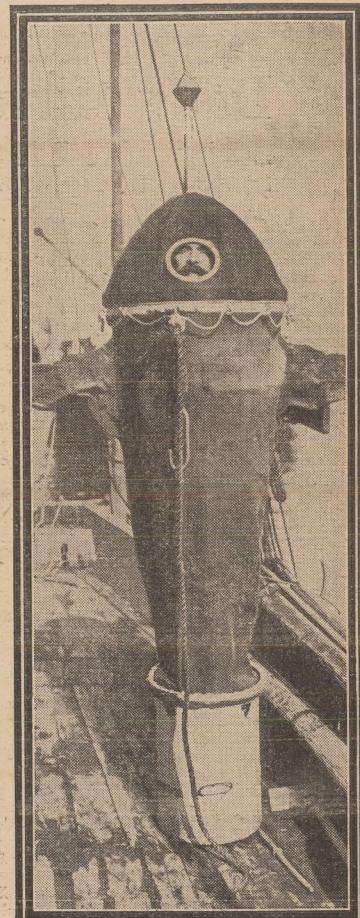
A bird which is being largely imported into England. Its flavour is very highly praised by many people.

FIRE OUTRAGE.



General Sir Hugh McCallum, whose mansion near Belfast has been burnt down by suffragettes.

FOR THE WRECKED



Before being dropped overboard.

HOW TO MAKE THE BOAT RACE MORE EXCITING.



An exciting finish to a rowing race in Burma. The course is marked out by stakes, and as the boats reach the winning post, on which the umpire is seated, the men in the bows jump up and touch the end of a cane which is run through a hollow bamboo. The first to touch the cane wins the race. Oxford and Cambridge might make use of the idea.



Signalling for help with revolver.

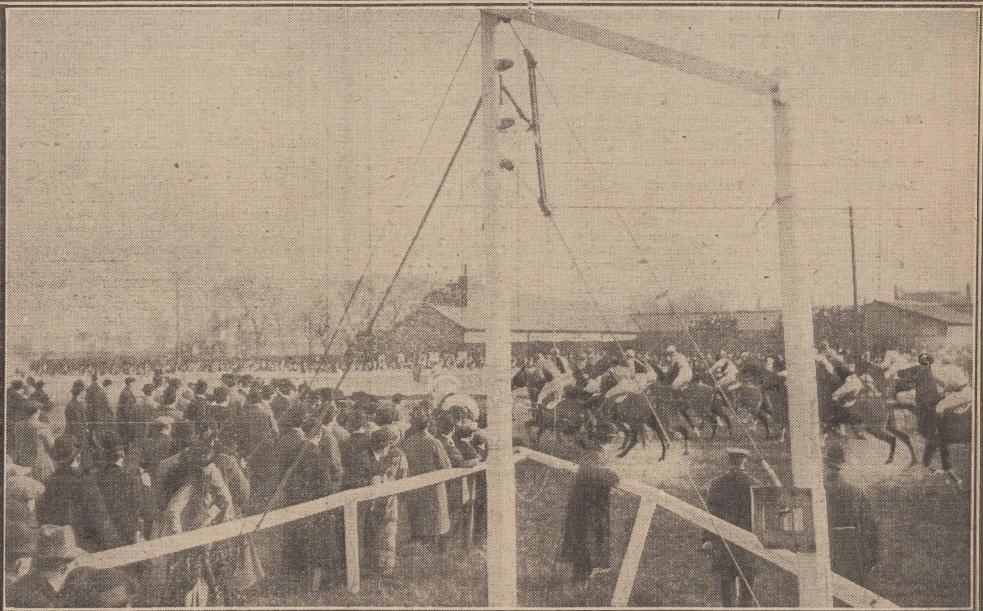
New device for use in shipwrecks. The man stands on the lid of the bucket, which fills with water and keeps the canvas covering upright. There are sleeves for the arms, and a porthole to look out of.

THE START OF THE GRAND NATIONAL AND A BLUNDER.



All Gold II. blunders.

Eight runners out of twenty completed the Grand National course at Aintree yesterday, a very fair percentage. Last year the number was three, and only the winner, Covert-



The start of the race.

coat, went round without a mishap. Lutteur III., who was successful in 1909, ran third yesterday.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

TROUSER SKIRT CAUSES A COMMOTION.



Another girl wearing the skirt—



—And reconstituting the escape.

There was a great commotion in Cheapside yesterday when a girl wearing a very pronounced trouser skirt appeared in that busy thoroughfare. To escape the crowd she had to dash into a building and, after changing her skirt, climb through a skylight, thence pass through a teashop and thus back into the street.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

RECORD LONG JUMP.



Cambridge won the annual Varsity sports at Queen's Club yesterday, beating Oxford by six events to four. The picture shows H. S. O. Ashington (of Cambridge) winning the long jump. He covered 23ft. 6 1/2 in., which is a record for this event. He also won the high jump with 5ft. 8in.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

OUR SERIAL.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

ELAINE CASSILIS, a radiantly happy young bride, adores her husband.

ROBERT CASSILIS, who goes daily to the City to his business, has discovered that he is receiving passionate love letters from

AGATHA EBSON, a pretty woman, a few years older than herself. Robert explains that Miss Ebson has passed him in the street, and that she has put money into his business, and, owing to a technical breach of the law, it is in her power to have a warrant issued for his arrest.

Robert is made bankrupt and goes abroad to avoid arrest. Elaine, a baby, is born, and Robert is impelled to return to England, where he owes his ruin to an unscrupulous trade rival.

TIFFANY RILEY, and it transpires that Miss Ebson is in his pay. Elaine, posting as Miss Graham, gets employed at the hotel where Robert is staying. One day Miss Ebson calls, and before she enters Tiffany Riley tells Elaine to hide behind a screen and take down all that Miss Ebson says.

Tiffany Riley tells Miss Ebson he has no further need of her services, and adds that he himself has had a man sent to him to collect his debts. When Elaine returns to her lodgings Robert has already been arrested. He is defended by his friend

EDWARD PARSONS, Robert is found guilty of misappropriating £5,000 and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment.

The lawyer tries to obtain the rights of an important patient formerly used by Robert. Elaine is staggered when Tiffany Riley informs her that another person has got the right to the services of Robert. She asks him if she must watch the person, and go to stay at the Carlton Hotel for the purpose. Elaine consents, and Tiffany Riley goes. The woman you are watching is Miss Agatha Ebson!"

The second evening of Elaine's residence at the Carlton hotel someone takes a seat at the side in the lounge, and turns his back to Miss Ebson.

Elaine and Miss Ebson have a brief and guarded conversation. Then Elaine is telephoned to say that Riley's house is on fire. She goes to the scene from Tiffany Riley that Robert, her husband, has been released from prison that very day.

Elaine goes to the Carlton Hotel, and in the evening in her private sitting-room Tiffany Riley enters. "What's this double game you are playing?" she demands.

A DOUBLE GAME.

TIFFANY Riley's face was contorted with rage.

He was a man subject to swift rises of passion, and he stood before me now, a terrifying and menacing figure. A few days ago I should have been afraid—should have been stricken with terror at the sight of his body discovered. Now, however, I stood before him at my full height, looking unflinchingly into his face.

"This double game," he went on, "this double game you're playing, what is it?" he broke off, and, standing with clenched hands, looked savagely into my eyes.

"If you will be good enough to say what you mean, I'll be a votary sent studiously calm, "perhaps I could explain?"

"You and my wife," ejaculated Riley, "This conspiracy between you—talking and whispering together, meeting secretly behind my back! What does it mean?"

I drew a swift breath of relief. He had not discovered who I was. His anger against me had been aroused in regard to his wife, not because I had been posing under a false name, and had been watching him in the guise of a typist all these months past.

"You and my wife," went on Tiffany Riley, "are getting very thick together—I won't have it! I'll have no one about me who makes a friend of my wife. She is a dangerous woman, she hates me, and she could do me harm she would!"

I knew she hated him, but I did not say so. "You'll break off this intimacy with her—you understand?"

His voice was bullying and masterful. I did not mind dropping the intimacy with his wife, but I was sorry for her; but she was uncanny and mysterious. Somehow she always frightened me a little.

"If you wish me to break off my acquaintance with your wife," I said, "I am quite willing to do so."

Tiffany Riley eyed me sharply for a minute.

(Translation, Dramatic, and all other rights secured. Copyright, U.S.A.)

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!

Don't Hesitate! A Laxative Is Necessary
If Tongue Is Coated, Breath Bad, or
Stomach Out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.

If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little body is not well, as it grows. Give "California and Undigested Food" syrup. When cross, irritable, feverish, with tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisons, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowel without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mother, the child after giving this harmless "first laxative" because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of California Syrup of Figs, and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Avoid substitutes. (Advt.)

BEGIN IT TO-DAY

Woman's Heart

STORY EVER WRITTEN.

"In that case," he said, "perhaps I was mistaken after all. This is a subject that affects me pretty closely." He paused for a moment. Moreover, his tone had gradually recovered its equanimity. He suddenly went on: "Some years ago, when my affairs were in a very tricky position, my wife did her best to push me over the precipice. She wants to ruin me—it's a singular thing, but she wants to drag me down."

"It's a madness with her," answered Tiffany Riley. Suddenly he looked at me, evidently entirely reassured with regard to my friendship with his wife. "I am glad to hear what you say, Miss Graham," he said, "and I hope you will forgive me."

He held out his hand, but I did not take it. The memory of the scene in his drawing-room which had evidently for the moment forgotten had seized me. I had closed my hands around my hands unobtrusively behind my back, and Tiffany Riley smiled. He understood the gesture.

"Look here, Miss Graham," he said, "you must overlook the way I acted that night." A confidential smile came into his eyes. "What happened was just between you and me, and I was carried away. I told you you were a dashed beautiful woman."

"I interjected coldly, "what happened the other night is not a subject that need be mentioned by either of us!"

Tiffany Riley bowed, and a minute or two later quietly took his leave.

I BREAK OPEN A DESK.

NEXT morning I stole a few minutes to visit

Robert and the boy at our lodgings, and when I entered the room I saw instantly that Robert had bad news for me.

"It's the list, Elaine," he explained, "the list that poor old Parsons so bravely kept for me—it's been stolen! Poor Parsons has been here and told me about it. Someone broke open his trunk last night and got the list."

A faint smile lit up in me. I knew how much this list of clients meant to Robert, and I knew there was only one other person to whom it was of advantage.

"Tiffany Riley stole it, of course," went on Robert, "and I shall never be able to prove the fact!"

We sat for a long time discussing this new misfortune, and when I went away I had made up my mind to secure it.

That afternoon I formulated a plan in my own mind for securing it. I knew Tiffany Riley's

list had been put up in me. I knew how much this list of clients meant to Robert, and I knew there was only one other person to whom it was of advantage.

"Tiffany Riley stole it, of course," went on Robert, "and I shall never be able to prove the fact!"

I looked up into his face. The expression in his eyes was hard as agate, and, without another word, he shot out one hand and gripped me relentlessly by the arm. Then, wheeling me round on my feet, he pointed to his open desk.

"You came here to search that desk!"

His words were low and uttered with the greatest

mine—I could save Robert! I had got this valuable list of clients which had been stolen from him. With that and the patent which he was bound to get, he could after all enter into competition again with Tiffany Riley; he could carry out the ambition of his life!

I thought of this as I held the packet in my hand. The family from outside caught the sound of footsteps. In a flash I had flung back the lid of the desk and had dropped the list upon the carpet behind the desk itself!

If anyone entered the room at that hour of the night it would surely be Tiffany Riley, and as the thought slipped into my mind the door opened and he stepped inside.

At sight of me he stifled an exclamation and stared at me. His eyes were clearly asking: "What is the meaning of this?"

For a long minute we remained, each looking at the other. A heavy silence seemed to descend. A crisis had arisen! But Tiffany Riley appeared for once to take a little aback.

"I thought that the room was empty," he said lamely. "Did you call to see me?"

I nodded. I took my courage in both hands. At an instant I must divert his attention from seeing me. I stood by his bed and, in the next few minutes I must devise some plan to regain that list and get away with it, but in no circumstances must I arouse Tiffany Riley's suspicions. I took my courage in both hands, and smiled at him as pleasantly as I could.

"Mr. Riley," I said. "I—I rather wanted to have a talk with you."

He looked into my face, and I saw admiration in his eyes.

"Certainly, Miss Graham," he said. "It is very kind of you to come round at this hour."

He glanced past me as he spoke, and I saw his figure suddenly stiffen, the corner of his hard mouth descend. Then, surprisingly, a smile appeared on his face.

"I expect," he said, "this business is pretty important to make you come here at this hour?"

"Yes," I murmured, then hesitated. He had looked beyond my shoulder casually towards his desk. What had he seen?

I lowered my head, and under the guise of being disinterested, managed to cast my eyes at the desk in the middle of the room. I kept them firmly through me! The desk was not quite closed. The papers that I had scattered when searching for the list had wedged open the lid, and the gaping desk, with the key still in its lock, remained glaring evidence of what I had done.

"Well?" inquired Tiffany Riley, "you are not telling me any great news, Miss Graham!"

His tone was enigmatical. What if he had failed to find me?

I looked up into his face. The expression in his eyes was hard as agate, and, without another word, he shot out one hand and gripped me relentlessly by the arm. Then, wheeling me round on my feet, he pointed to his open desk.

"You came here to search that desk!"

His words were low and uttered with the greatest

self-control, but I knew that he was deeply stirred. The powerful grip of his fingers upon my arm was absolutely painful.

"Miss Graham, do you know what Carmichael said about you?"

I was fighting with myself to devise some plan to find some means to escape even at the eleventh hour.

"Do you know what Carmichael says about you?" I breathed.

"He says he doesn't like you," said Tiffany Riley. He said all along there was something not quite right with you. I didn't agree with him—I thought he was a judge of faces; I believed you were honest, and I put my trust in you. Now, then," his other hand suddenly flushed out and gripped my wrist, "why did you open that desk?"

I stared hopelessly before me. My humiliation was complete. A few days ago in that very house I had thrust Tiffany Riley away with contempt and loathing—I had subdued him utterly. Now how tragically the tables were turned—it was my turn to be in his power!

"So you will not tell me what you were up to—why you opened my desk like that! I'll find out why the same," he said.

Then he let go my wrist, and before I was aware of what he was about to do he had crossed the room. I saw him stop at the door, and my heart gave a leap of terror. He turned the key in the lock, and put the key in his waistcoat pocket. I felt the blood leaping through my veins in terror, and put up my hands in weak protest.

Tiffany Riley was already back at his desk, and had flung open the lid. For a minute he gazed at the disorder of the papers that I had made—then suddenly he opened the little cupboard at the back of the desk, and saw that the list had gone!

I have never seen a man move so quickly as he moved then. He flashed his head round and remained staring at me for a long, long minute!

"Where is that list?" Tiffany Riley's voice was brimming with fury. It was instinct rather than the words he uttered that told me he had failed to see the list lying on the carpet beside the desk. Could he have tried to run back into my veins, and I stood motionless, without uttering a word.

Tiffany Riley was advancing towards me.

"That list!" he roared.

"You will never find it!" I said.

I risked the words. Even now I might divert his attention. I might still save it for Robert!

"You will never find it!" I repeated.

Tiffany Riley stopped and stared at me again.

"This means me—this beats everything!" he shouted.

"What do you want the list for? Who sent you to get it—who are you?"

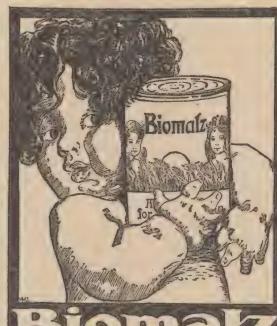
Suddenly his eyes focussed themselves again on mine.

"Yes—that's it! Who are you—who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Robert Cassilis," I answered quietly.

From this interesting point the story will be continued on Monday.

Votes for Biomalz



Dr. S.

I have used the samples of Biomalz, which I find an excellent means of increasing physical strength and of improving the general condition. I have noticed especially an obvious improvement in the colour of the complexion, stimulation of the appetite, and increase of body weight.

Dr. W.

My wife has taken a course of Biomalz with great advantage. I was particularly gratified to observe a rapid increase of weight, together with a healthy blooming appearance of the complexion.

Nurse E. S.

In the course of my professional duties I have had considerable experience of Biomalz, which I find more satisfactory than any other preparation. On account of my habitual pallor I have lately taken Biomalz myself, and am being constantly asked by my friends, "Whatever have you done to improve your complexion so much?" My weight increased 2 lbs. per week during a month's treatment.

Mrs. D. . . (Doctor's Wife):

After five tins of Biomalz there was a very obvious improvement in my appearance. There was a steady improvement in my appetite with consequent increase of weight, and I feel much better in general health than before.

Indeed: There are many other preparations to ensure Health, Strength and Beauty, but none is better, none more palatable and more efficacious, than that excellent

Tonic Food Biomalz

which is highly appreciated all the world over.

It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anaemic, pale and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, expectant and nursing mothers, and anaemic children.

Small and large tins at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. Sold by all Chemists.

Insist on having BIOMALZ.

Free Sample of Biomalz sent on receipt of 3d. stamp for postage, etc., by Patermann Bros., 3, Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Frying Pancakes or Fish in ATORA Refined Beef Suet is a revelation. No unpleasant smell when heated, and no "after-taste." Your grocer sells it—ask for ATORA in block. Recuse substituted brands. (Advt.)



THE SPORTS GIRL WEARS 'SPUNELLA'

IT is the perfect pure silk material for shirts, woven in such a way that it outlasts three ordinary silk blouses.

'SPUNELLA' does not fade nor "ladder;" it washes perfectly and is practically unshrinkable. You can buy the shirts and blouses ready made or the material by the yard in plain and many delightful patterns.

ASK YOUR DRAPER

for 'SPUNELLA,' either made up into dainty shirts and blouses or the pieces will give you sketches and patterns too. If you have difficulty in getting 'SPUNELLA' write to the manufacturers 'SPUNELLA' Ltd., Dept. M, 32, Great Titchfield Street, London, W., for name of nearest agent and patterns and sketches.

Spunella
Queen of Silks

REPUTABLE DRAPERS NEVER SUBSTITUTE



A Beautiful Complexion
Secured by Using:
'VASELINE'
(Regd. Trade Mark). Cold Cream
In Jars 6d, 9d, and 1/-; also in collapsible Tubes,
6d. and 1/-. Of all Chemists or direct from
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. (Cons'd), 42, Holborn
Viaduct, London, E.C.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR MAKING
STRAIGHT HAIR WAVY AND FLUFFY.

Many a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives a most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which unfortunately has been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruination of thousands of girls by the use of beautiful hair by slow torture, from that terrible machine known as the "curling iron." Imagine if you can how the living hair squirms and twists under such treatment. Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one individually is of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be most unpleasant. The hair ends are creased by the hot iron and the hairs' dying contractions, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear as to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of silmerine, and pour over two tea-spoonsful of Vaseline. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retiring. You will be quite amazed at the result, and one application will last for many days. Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight, wispy tails will be converted into tight little curls. (Advt.)

OUR CHILDREN'S SATURDAY CORNER.

Green Cap Grows Boastful at a Reception of the Fairies and Is Banished to a Cabbage Patch.

My Dear Boys and Girls.—Here is a nice drawing of the twins that is easy to colour this week! I am quite eager to see how you paint the magic cloaks of Jack and Joan!

Thank you for the many delightful letters you have sent. I am always glad when you write as well as send pictures. Tell me how you like the twins.

Colour your picture with water-colours or chalks and send it with your name and address and age, to "The Children's Corner, *The Daily Mirror*, 23, Bouvierie-street, London, E.C. 3," so that it arrives not later than the first post on Wednesday next. Four prizes are offered—5s., 3s., and two of 2s. 6d.

Prizes for colouring the picture of the fairies dancing at the foot of the Ten Thousand Steps are awarded to: Elsie Groves (aged fourteen), 4, Victoria-avenue, Didsbury, Manchester; first prize—Helen Jenkins (aged eight), 1, Lower Vicarage, Shireburn, Doncaster; second (3s.)—Violet Palmer (aged thirteen), Coombe Wood, Winscombe, Somerset; third (2s. 6d.)—and Harry E. Ward (aged thirteen), Grammar School, Dolgelly, North Wales; fourth (2s. 6d.).

Good-bye until next week. AUNT MARY.

JACK AND JOAN DON MAGIC CLOAKS

(Continued from last week.)

Before we go to see the Rainbow the fairies are holding a reception and they want you specially to come," said the boy as he danced over the grass—he couldn't walk if he tried.

"Hurrah!" cried the twins together. "Shall we have to dress up for it?"

"I have two magic cloaks for you in my nest," replied the boy. "They are made of moonshine and cobwebs and when you put them on you are just the same as the fairies!"

Jack whistled with delight. "I wish we had met you before," he said.

"I've seen you often," replied the boy. "Many times I have slid down the moon's rays and peeped at you both asleep in bed. This is my home," he added, pointing to a big nest in the branch of a tree.

The twins climbed up and the boy put on their magic cloaks. They were very pretty—Joan's was pinky coloured and Jack's had a purple shade in it.

Green Cap also had a little cloak coloured a pale green, and very happy he little guessed what was going to happen to him.

And so they hurried to the fairies' reception. The twins were not a bit surprised when dozens of fairies began falling on the grass all round them like big snowflakes. How they chattered! The old ones had voices like crickets, but the young ones sounded like nightingales and larks singing a long way away.

Jack made a little speech. "Dear fairies and elves, we say 'We thank you very much for your charming reception. It is so nice here that we would like to live here always—'

"You can't do that," said Green Cap interrupting.

"Why can't they, Green Cap?" said the boy.

"After all, you are only half a goblin."

"I brought the twins here," said Green Cap, rather boastfully.

The boy (who, as we see in the picture, had been sitting on the goblin's shoulders), jumped to the ground.

"Green Cap," he said very solemnly, "I shall have to punish you for boasting. I banish you for a whole week—to live with the slug in a cabbage patch!"

Poor Green Cap vanished with a "Pop!"—but we shall see him next week again, safe and happy and ready for the next adventure.



Four prizes are offered for colouring this picture.

WHERE LAUNDRY WORK IS TREATED AS A FINE ART.

Secrets of French Experts To Be Revealed at "Daily Mirror" Display Next Week.

What are the secrets of the French blanchisseuse, or laundress, which enable her to put such an exquisite "finish" to the dainty lingerie entrusted to her care?

France is as famous for its blanchisserie as for its vineyards. Thousands of well-to-do women in this country send fine raiment as regularly as clock-work across the Channel to have it "gouped" up in a way unknown in this country.

The secrets up to now are in the keeping of the French blanchisseuse and the descendants for many generations of peasant girls who greatest pride was the daintiness of their lace caps—and a personal daintiness that, in the case of Mme. Sans-Gêne, herself a blanchisseuse, won the heart of Napoleon.

Next Thursday, at "The Daily Mirror" demonstration of "The Perfect Lingerie and Its Story," readers will have the opportunity of learning these

the sweating dens where some of the British-made garments are produced, will be strikingly demonstrated on the stage, and will be a real holiday for the interested girls who are "gouped up from the East" for the purposes of the display.

The lecture demonstrations will take place at Mme. Caroline's, 72, Oxford-street, W., at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. As space is limited applications for free reserved seats should be made without delay to The Daily Mirror Offices, Bouvierie-street, E.C., envelopes being marked "Convent."

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 131.



'DAILY MIRROR' DEMONSTRATIONS

THURSDAY, April 2.—"The Perfect Lingerie and Its Story," Exposition of Convent-made lingerie, with practical demonstration of embroidery by a master blanchisseuse. Price 2s. 6d. The French blanchisseuse explained at Mme. Caroline's, 72, Oxford-street, W., 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Readers send applications to The Daily Mirror Offices, Bouvierie-street, E.C., envelopes to be marked "Convent" in top left-hand corner.

secrets for themselves, at first hand. Mme. Sans-Gêne, a famous modern blanchisseuse, is coming specially from Paris to initiate our visitors into the mysteries of the iron.

Many fascinating features are being introduced into these new demonstrations held in connection with "The Daily Mirror" Association of Shopping, where will be a magnificent array of convent-made lingerie, all kinds of superb underwear being demonstrated on living models. A French nun, also "imported" for the occasion, will give a practical display of hand embroidery.

The contrast between the healthy, contented atmosphere of the convent, where the nuns spend most of their days making beautiful lingerie, and

she was on the musical comedy stage before her marriage to a member of a well-known family. This much due we give the competitors to-day. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete and interesting portraits of the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear.

—(Bassano.)

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easily and in *half*
the time. One trial
will convince you
—but you must say—

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Made only by
HARGREAVES BROS. & CO. LTD.
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HULL.

**All good shops
sell Glosso now.**



Lovely Roses All your own.

An abundance of them—the best you ever had. Carmona Rose Food feeds roses in the most thorough manner. It induces vigorous root growth—subsequent development of wood, and blooms innumerable of the very best quality.

And Carmona-fed rose trees resist disease and are strengthened against insect pests, to which they become unfavourable hosts. Carmona Rose Food feeds most of the prize-winning blooms. You try it. Give your trees a little—a few Carmona spoonfuls every ten days throughout the season—the results will delight you.

All Seedsmen sell it in 6d., 1/-, and 2/6 tins. And in bags—14lbs., 4/6; 28lbs., 7/6; 56lbs., 12/6; 112lbs., 20/- Send for free booklet.

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10, West Bromwich; and London: 100, Long
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PLANT FOOD

JUNTING
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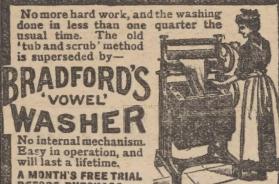
A Blend
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6d. per
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ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5 1/2d.
TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d.
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Wash-day Worries Ended!



No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The old "tub and scrub" method is superseded by—

BRADFORD'S
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WASHER

No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will last a lifetime.

A MAINTENANCE
BEFORE PURCHASE.

Washing Machines from 85s.
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Wrapping Machines from 22s. Special Discount.

BUTTER CHURN, BUTTER WHEEL,
LABOUR-SAVERS FOR THE HOUSE.
"Everything for the House and Dairy."

Woolen Goods—Cotton Goods (No. 306 C)

THOS. BRADFORD & CO., Manufacturers,
141-142, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,
180, Bold St., Liverpool; 3, Deansgate, Manchester.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Thirty Shillings a Foot Fish.

Weighing 300lb., a 10ft. royal sturgeon was sold at Millford Haven, Pembrokeshire, for £15.

Five Killed in Crane Collapse.

Five men were killed yesterday, says Reuter, through a crane collapsing at Brunsbuttel (Prussia) just as a trolley filled with labourers was passing underneath.

Bourbon Prince Dead.

The death has taken place at Les Avants (near Montreux), says Reuter, of Duke Francois Marie of Bourbon, Prince of the two Sicilies and Count of Caserta.

Will Not Punish Them.

In the House of Assembly, Capetown, yesterday, says Reuter, Mr. Burton, the Minister of Railways, stated that he had abandoned the intention of punishing the railwaymen who went on strike.

The King and the French Flags.

LIMOGES, March 27.—The *France Militaire* announces that the flags of the military school of St. Cyr and of the polytechnic school, made illustrious in the defence of Paris in 1814, will be decorated with the insignia of the Legion of Honour by President Poincaré in the presence of King George at the spring review on April 22.—Reuter.

Scottish Mansion Burnt.

Damage estimated at £10,000 was caused yesterday by fire at the mansion house of Midfield (near Edinburgh), belonging to Mr. James Hood, coal owner.

Search for Escaped Lunatic.

The Nottingham police are searching for a criminal lunatic named Thomas Spowage, who disappeared from the city asylum on Wednesday night.

Fell Into Boiling Beer.

A bricklayer, named George Robert Cobb, fell through the roof of a brewery at Halesworth, Suffolk, yesterday, into a vat of boiling beer, and died soon after being rescued.

Dockyard Workmen Discharged.

Three hundred artisans and labourers at Chatham Dockyard have received notice of discharge, as the work allotted to the yard for the next financial year will not admit of the retention of the present number of employees.

Bequest for Ulster.

The late Mr. William Gibson, chairman of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, who left £276,440, is reported to have bequeathed "approximately a quarter of a million" to provide the sons of farmers in Down and Antrim with a good start in life.

RESTITUTION DECREE FOR MRS. PASPATI.



Mrs. Paspati.



Mr. Paspati.

Mrs. Paspati, the respondent in the amazing annulment suit, was granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights yesterday. Mr. Paspati is sixty-five years of age and his wife twenty-nine.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Another Big Colonial Loan—Selfridge's New Preference Shares.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

Still overshadowed by the political cloud, the Stock Markets were neglected more than ever yesterday. Almost the only features were the strength of Mexican Rails on a reported victory of the Government troops, and a rise of a point to 40/- German Preference on the news that an order had been restored to Lima. Consols fell at one time to 75/-, but rallied later and closed unchanged at 75/-.

Undeterred by the ill-success of the many recent Colonial loans, the Government of British Columbia, we understand, is about to offer £1,500,000 in 4½ per cent. Stock, redeemable in 1948. The issue price is 95/- per cent. This is the first time that British Columbia has figured as a direct borrower since November, 1902, when £221,000 in 3 per cent. Inscrédit stock at 92 was issued.

The prospectus is now before the public of the issue of 300,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each at par by Selfridge and Company. Interest is payable half-yearly on April 1 and October 1. The proceeds of the issue will be used in payment of the purchase money for the capital of Messrs. T. Lloyd and Company, and for the general development of the business of the company. No part of the issue has been underwritten.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary rose 1-16 to 5-9-16, while the Preference advanced 6d. to 22s. 6d. Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. and 21s. 8d. respectively, and Pictorial Ordinary at 23s. Pictorial Preference hardened to 19s.

ARMY CANTEEN CASE.

The evidence for the prosecution in connection with the sacking of a number of officers and privates in what is known as the "Canteen Case" closed at Bow-street yesterday.

A charge of conspiracy has been preferred under the Corrupt Practices Act, the allegation being that bribes have been paid to the officers by the civilian defendants on behalf of Lipton, Limited, in connection with contracts for the supply of canteens.

Mr. R. D. Muir, in asking the court that a charge in regard to Colonel Whitcher related to something that took place on dates prior to 1906, when the Prevention of Corruption Act came into law. That charge was therefore framed under the common law.

The hearing was then adjourned until next Thursday, when the defence will be opened.

Two passengers, the captain, and fifteen of the crew have been lost, says a Lloyd's Brisbane message, in the French steamer St. Paul, which has sunk in deep water.

STRYCHNINE MYSTERY.

Farmer's Fiancée at Welsh Inquest Says She Received Anonymous Letter.

Evidence of the finding of strychnine poison in the body was given at the resumed inquest yesterday at Newtown concerning the mysterious death of Thomas Roberts, a retired farmer, of Carno, Montgomeryshire.

He is said to have talked of marrying and of making a will before his sudden death, and at the opening of the inquest the coroner warned a farmer named Evan Morgan that he need not give evidence unless he liked, as it was possible that a charge might be brought against him.

Evidence regarding Roberts' intended marriage to Miss Ann Breeze was given by the Rev. Joseph Thomas, a Congregational minister, who said that in November Miss Breeze called at his house about an arrangement to marry Roberts. No particular date for the marriage was given, but it was understood that the ceremony would probably take place about the beginning of March.

Medical testimony as to the cause of death was then given by Dr. Shearer, of Newtown, who, with Dr. Crump, of Welshpool, examined the body after the exhumation. They sent a joint report to the Home Office, saying that Roberts did not die from natural causes.

Dr. Wilcox, the Home Office expert, deposed to his analysis of the organs, and said he found traces of strychnine poisoning. He found the total amount to be 600 grains, but there would be more in the whole body.

Probably at least one grain of strychnine was present in the whole body. Half a grain was the possible fatal dose for an adult, and he had no doubt that death was from strychnine poisoning.

Roberts must have taken the poison within an hour and a half of his being found. Strychnine was in common use for the killing of rats.

The Coroner: What is the cause of exhalation of the failure of Dr. Edwards to detect about 600 grains of strychnine in the whiskey and water any indication that death was due to some poison?

Witness: Dr. Edwards did not see the deceased until he was dead. He could not, therefore, detect the characteristic symptoms before death. There would be no signs of a struggle, and he could not detect any poison by strychnine. There would be no indication of the cause of death, except by analysis.

Mr. Alexander Breeze, chemist, of Newtown, who said he was distantly related to Evan Morgan, said both Roberts and Morgan were customers of his. On Saturday, November 29 last Roberts came to his shop and asked for a shilling's worth of strychnine for killing rats.

Miss Breeze, the deceased's fiancée, said the wedding had been arranged to take place in Ferndale at the beginning of March.

Everything had been arranged, but she received an anonymous letter stating that Roberts was not going to make his will. She received the assurance from Roberts, however, that all was right.

The inquest was again adjourned.

Pixie: "My shoes are brighter than yours, Grandpa."

Grandpa: "'Tis the reflection of your bright little face then."

Pixie: "Oh, no. Susie uses Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, Grandpa—that's why."



For preserving boots and shoes and rendering them soft, comfortable and waterproof, beside imparting a brilliant and lasting gloss, remember there is nothing so good as

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

The Polish of Superior Quality.

Tins 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Outfits 6d.

Obtainable of Grocers, Oilmen and all Dealers.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

Pictures of Yesterday's Race for the Grand National at Aintree.

LONDON'S
Youngest Leading
Lady Rehearsing
her new part:
Picture.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

HOW to Make
the Boat Race
More Exciting: A
Hint from Burma:
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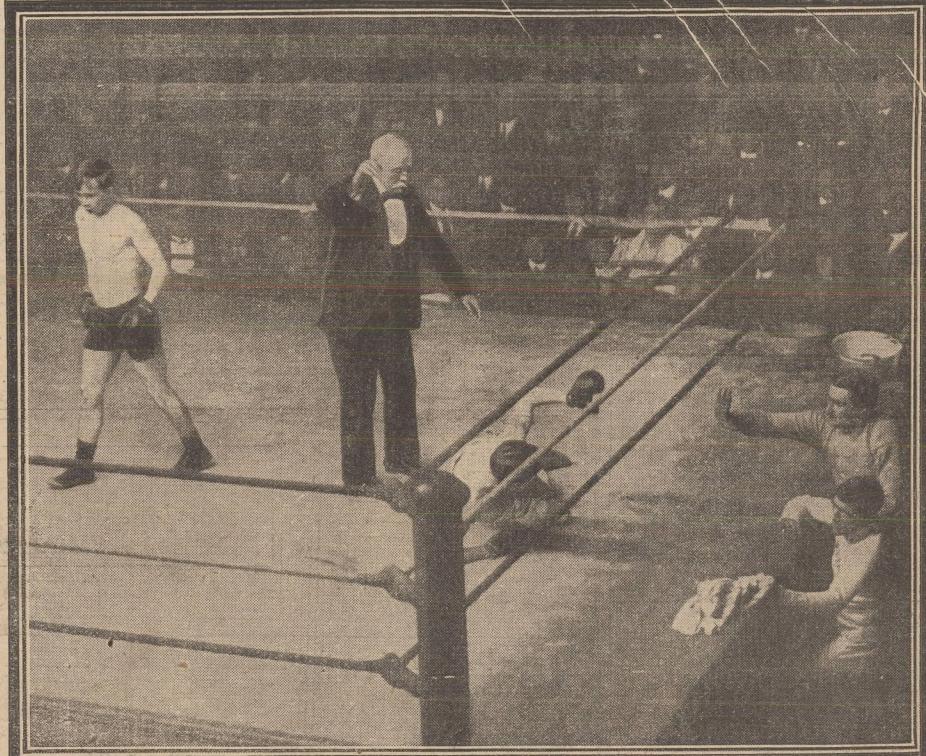
JONES BEATS CRIQUI AND RETAINS THE WORLD'S FLYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.



The Frenchman "groggy."



Jones on the defensive.



Crique taking a count. Note his second telling him to keep down.

Eugene Crique (of France) was completely outclassed by Percy Jones (of Porth) in the boxing match for the world's flyweight championship at the Stadium, Liverpool. He

was, however, a very plucky loser and took a tremendous amount of punishment. There were more than 4,000 people present.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

INTENSE PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE CRISIS: PREMIER'S STATEMENT ON RESIGNATIONS.



Crowd at the corner of Downing-street waiting to catch a glimpse of the Ministers.

There were two meetings of the Cabinet yesterday, a very unusual occurrence. Field-Marshal Sir John French was present at both sittings. In the House of Commons there was a record attendance for a Friday when the Premier stated that he had

asked Sir J. French and Sir J. S. Ewart to withdraw their resignations, and that he was still awaiting a final reply. The picture of Lord Morley shows him arriving at St. Stephen's.



Did he know it was Lord Morley?